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we owe this lofty and inspiring lyric, but to a sweet singer of Israel whom the Holy Ghost moved and enabled to set forth with brilliancy and fire the truth that He who reared the whole frame of nature is also the giver of a law, and that that law is sweeter than honey and more precious than much fine gold.—*Talbot W. Chambers, D. D., in Pulpit Treasury.*

Cheyne's Translation of Psalm XC.—

1 Lord, thou hast been unto us an asylum from age to age,
2 Before the mountains were born,
or the earth and the world were brought forth,
yea, from æon to æon thou art God.
3 Thou turnest mortals back to dust,
and sayest, "Return, ye sons of the earth-born."
4 For a thousand years are in thine eyes
as yesterday when it is passing,
and a watch in the night.

5 Thou floodest them away; they become as a sleep;
in the morning they are as grass which sprouts again;
6 In the morning it blossoms and sprouts again,
in the evening it is cut down and withers.
7 For we are wasted away through thine anger,
and through thy wrath have we been confounded.
8 Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,
those that none can discern in the shining of thy countenance.

9 For our days have all died away as a murmur,
through thy fury have we now finished our years.
10 The days of our years are threescore years and ten,
and if we are of full strength, then fourscore;
and their proud boasting is travail and vanity,
so quickly is it gone by, and we take our flight.
11 (But) who hath learned the strength of thine anger,
and, according to the fear of thee, thy fury?
12 Thus learn us to number our days,
and we shall take home wisdom to our heart.

13 Return, Jehovah, how long?
and relent over thy servants.
14 Satisfy us with thy lovingkindness in the morning,
and we will give ringing shouts of joy all our days:
15 Make us to rejoice according to the days thou hast afflicted us,
the years wherein we have seen adversity.
16 Let thy doing be manifest to thy servants,
and thy majesty unto their children;
17 And let the pleasantness of Jehovah our God brood over us,
and the work of our hands O prosper thou over us,
yea, prosper thou our handiwork.